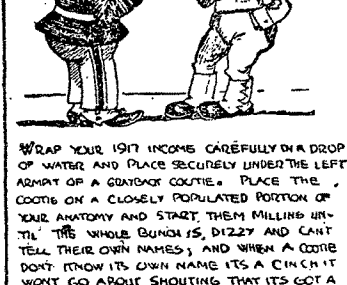
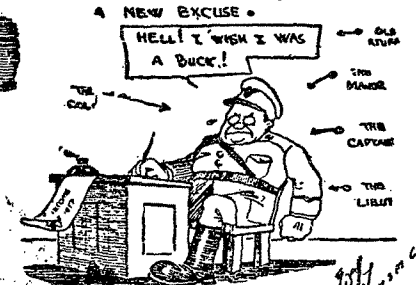
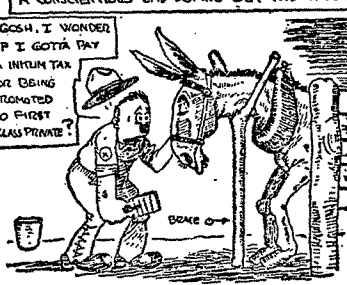
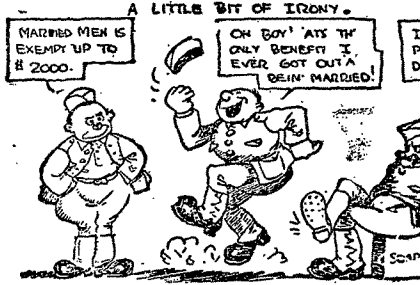
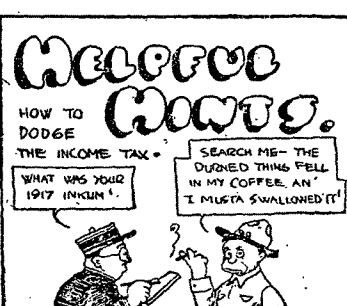
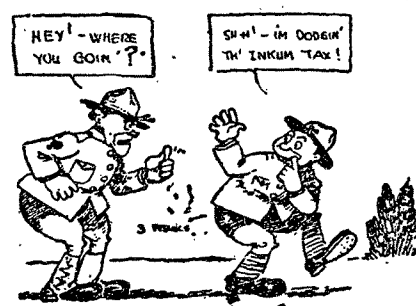
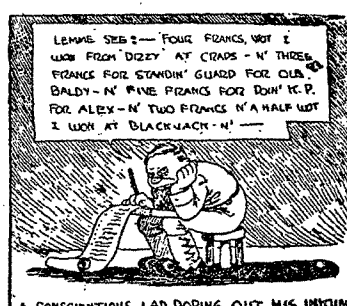
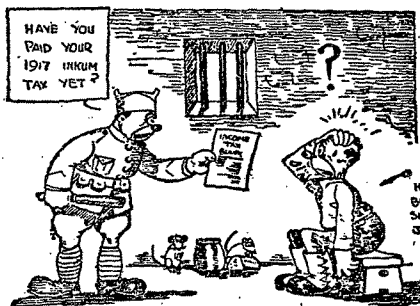


HAVE YOU PAID YOUR INCOME TAX?

-By WALLGREN



MARINE OUTFIT HAS BRAND NEW BUDDY

Specialists Spill Tradition and Win Admiration of Leathernecks

LIKE OLD DAYS AT PEKIN

Royal Welsh Formed Their Side-Kick Alliance in China—Now It's Shovel Artists

If you're looking for trouble, walk up to the first Marine you meet and cast a reflection on the — Engineers. You will get it a-plenty.

The Leatherneck is not a fellow who just buddies up with any old gink, either. But he's strong for the — Engineers.

The Marine has fought all over the world, in all sorts of outlandish places, alongside of all kinds of outfits; some good, some indifferent and some just plumb bad.

In all his many expeditions he has come up with a lot of new ideas, but one side-kick alliance. That was with the Royal Welsh, before Pekin. The old-time Marine will tell you heartily that the Royal Welsh is some outfit. Of course the Leatherneck approved the work of the sailors of the Navy at Vera Cruz, of the Army at Mexico City, 30 years ago the Marines fought with the other branches of the Service at both places. Also he speaks favorably of the fighting qualities of some of the troops of our Allies, with whom he has come in contact, as for instance, the Blue Devils, who give him his instruction in the new trench stuff.

But up to a few weeks ago, he really had but one pal, outside his own outfit, and that was the Royal Welsh. Needless to go into details of those days before Pekin, when the Marines and the Royal Welsh shared awful hardships—it's history.

Not Keen for Specialists But now the Marine has another buddy in the — Engineers. The Leatherneck could never understand why it was necessary to have specialists in an army, such as Signal Corps men, Quartermasters or Corps men, Engineers, etc. When the Marines take some place like, say, Haiti, they lay down their rifles, machine guns or artillery, just whatever they happen to be manning at the time, and start in to erect telegraph and telephone lines, build bridges and cut railroads. They don't need any specialists. All of them can do any of the many jobs necessary in a sufficiently efficient manner.

So when they were told at Chateau-Thierry that the Engineers would support them and dig them in when they had reached their objective, it is possible that they resented it, just a trifle. They had always been in the habit of doing things for themselves, you see, and they didn't see any use of having a bunch of specialists with picks and shovels around.

Then the Leathernecks went over the top and staged their bit of open fighting. They drove the enemy back beyond the objective, and looked around for the Engineers.

The Engineers hadn't followed them. They had come over with the Marines. They were right alongside, using their Springfield rifles with such effectiveness that the Marines couldn't distinguish them from their own men.

Spelling the Marines The Engineers then threw down their rifles and turned to with a will—and dug in. But whenever things got hot, the Engineers refused to stay out of the fun. They just persisted in shifting to their rifles—so the Marines went to "spelling" 'em. They relieved each other at fighting and digging.

"Heck," said a Marine, "those guys ain't no more specialists than we are. They fight as well as we do, and we dig as well as they."

And the — Engineers certainly do enjoy scrapping along with the Marines. The second time they went over, the Engineers were to await a rocket, which would be their cue to follow. The Marines reached their objective, and word was passed to send up the rocket.

"No use to send up that signal, sir," respectfully reported an Engineer officer, "we're here."

"They're a hard bunch to make stay out," say the Marines.

It is a Marine who tells that at inspection, held by an officer with considerable rank, the officer saw a speck on an Engineer's rifle.

"A little rusty," said the officer.

"Yes, sir, but my pick and shovel aren't rusty," replied the Engineer.

ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Two doughboys who went over the top with the Australians landed in a base hospital with a story that could be the scenario for a first-rate nightmare. The Yankies advanced so fast that they crowded their own baggage. They became aware of this when they observed shells dropping just behind them, shells of the German barrage—and shells bursting just in front of them, shells from their own barrage. And there wasn't much space between.

The pair crawled into a shell hole. They lay there while the big ones shook the ground. There was the pleasant reflection, too, that the Germans might shift their aim enough to plant one on top of them.

"Just then we looked back and saw a British tank come sliding over the top of a little hill behind us," relates one of the two. "And that tank came right toward us, as if we had a magnet planted in the hole. Talk about being run down by a Ford. We felt just like a guy must feel when he's been dodging an automobile coming straight for him and the driver has been dodging, too—the same way."

"We forgot all about barrages. Of course the time was just about right to go over the top. The barrage had been lifted ahead of the tank. But if anything runs me down, I want it to have tires on."

Amid the human wreckage about a recent shell-burst lay a boy with his breast-pocket torn open and his hand holding a little Testament. On the fly-leaf was a note asking the finder to return the Testament to a girl in Buffalo. The Testament is on its way home.

All the American trucks have borrowed the French custom of painting some freak device on the side of a company or group insignia. That line of camouflaged emergency munitions may show a girl hiding in a silk hat. The next group will have as its trade-mark a couple camouflaged under an umbrella. And one group of salvage department trucks that lumber behind the advancing troops to glean anything valuable left on the field flaunts as its device a plain unvarnished buzzard.

A center-fielder with Walter Johnson control stirred up as much interest in one division as Speaker would have done by slamming four home runs in succession over the mosquito netting of the right field back in Cleveland.

For one night during the German retreat over the Vesle, after a day in which German planes had come zooming low over the fields in the face of the advancing Yankies, the story was widely told of the Rumpelstiltskin who met an American hand grenade in mid-air and came tumbling down like a quail stopped by a swarm of leaden bees. And it was the center-fielder who never had let a man score from third on a caught fly that threw the bomb, so the story ran.

We'll give two decks of Camel cigarettes to anybody who can verify this.

You don't have to have a deed to a dugout or anything like that to prove you are the rightful owner. No one loves a dugout much, but there are times when they come in handy, and it might be well to issue checks if Pvt. Walter Smith knows what he is talking about.

One day during the advance to the Vesle the Americans took up a position along an old road near a certain little village. Private Smith and some others dug into the bank above the road and constructed for themselves some very neat dugouts—every dugout had just enough room for one man to hide himself from the bursting shells.

A man on the right of Smith, who was rather fat around the middle, found that his dugout was too small, and instead of digging it deeper, he suggested to Smith that they trade.

The trade was made, but as the two men were crossing over, a shell burst smack into the dugout for which Smith had just traded. A question arose as to who was the rightful owner of the remaining dugout, and the argument had to be settled by a sergeant. According to the sergeant Pvt. Smith was the loser.

Even in war there is such a thing as poetic justice. Witness the case of the Hun aviator who bombed an American funeral party not far behind the lines. Not long afterward that same aviator was brought down and himself buried in that same cemetery, not 50 feet from where his first bomb had dropped.

When the town of Fismes was being captured and recaptured by both the Americans and the Germans, and at a time when a platoon of American infantry was holding it, a Yank sergeant stuck his head out of a doorway to see if any of the enemy was in the neighborhood. The sergeant immediately withdrew it and drew his pistol.

On sticking his head out again, he learned, very much to his surprise, that there was a Boche next door who, from all appearances, was endeavoring to obtain like information.

Again the sergeant peeped round the

LINGERING CASES TO BE SENT HOME

Ill or Wounded Will Return to France Only in Rare Instances

Any man in the A.E.F. who is sick for more than four months or who, having been wounded, will have to have surgical attention for more than four months, will be sent to the United States.

That is the recent decision reached by the Chief Surgeon of the A.E.F. So much more hospital space can be afforded in the United States for lingering cases than in France that it has been decided to send such cases home for treatment there.

To Get Work in States Men having been in the hospital for more than four months will not, except in rare cases, be again sent to France. They will be used for work at home which will release other men of sound physique.

No man will hereafter be discharged from the Army until everything possible has been done to put him back into the best of physical condition. Even after the war when it will be necessary to retain in the hospitals for some months will not be discharged until everything possible has been done for them that can be accomplished by the medical and surgical authorities supervising their cases.

OUR BEST PAL If you have a gray-haired mother In the old home far away, Sit down and write the letter You put off from day to day. Don't wait until her tired steps Reach Heaven's nearby gate. But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it, Don't whisper it today. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait; So make your mother happy Before it is too late.

We soldiers live in the present. Our future is unknown; Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is all our own. The chance that fortune lends us to May vanish while you wait. So send life's richest treasure Before you are too late.

The tender word unspeaken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten message, The wealth of love unspent— For these some heart is breaking, For these some loved ones wait; So show them that you care for them Before you are too late.

A Member of the A.E.F.

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FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

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"Yes, sir, but my pick and shovel aren't rusty," replied the Engineer.

But the Marines always add, when telling this story, that the Engineers don't allow their rifles or shovels to remain idle long enough to gather much rust.

Guy D. Wilson, 1st Sgt., U. S. M. C.

This is a fifty-fifty war in only one respect—the Germans started it; the Allies will finish it. What could be fairer?

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